

this device the victim, with hands and feet secured, was crushed until blood spurted from his body. The rack, a more conventional if not more "delicate" implement, is likewise on display.

Also related in the bloody history of the Tower is the story of the murders of the two young princes, the boy King Edward V and his younger brother, the Duke of York. They were killed in the stealth of the night, one by suffocation, and the other upon awakening, by repeated dagger thrusts through his heart.

In concluding there is but one more befitting structure within the Tower to be considered. This is the Chapel of St. Peter located like the King's House, previously mentioned, alongside the wall of the Inner

Ward, but on the side opposite the King's House. It is here that those completing the tour of the historic grounds uncover their heads and listen in reverend silence as the guide quietly describes the tombs containing the headless relics of two queens and other members of royalty lying side by side in a small hallowed space beneath the altar. This scene and the thought of it is perhaps one of the most poignant and lingering of all, and I recall now that as we left the gray walls of the Tower and slowly rode over the ancient cobbled streets which led back to the heart of the city, we were remarkably sober—a striking contrast to our lighter mood exhibited during the earlier part of the day. For once, all of us were oddly quiet.

Speak Of The Devil

ROSEMARY BROWNE

OsKar Castlereagh, a man well past the middle age, sat on a large sofa with his wife, Jeanie. Around them were gathered men from his profession, all musicians, most of them talented and a few hanging on to still cherished illusions. Castlereagh was obviously the prominent figure of the group, according to the number of eyes focused upon him. He sat forward with his elbows propped upon his knees, holding a cigarette between two long slender fingers. A spiral cloud of smoke was drifting up past his face to the ceiling making his eyes squint. His narrowed eyes made one feel that he was looking through the surface of a face and settling his eyes last upon the inner carefully concealed thoughts.

This Bohemian group frequently met together, for a musician likes nothing

better than to discuss the rudiments of his profession with another musician. However, at this moment, the discussion had gone astray. For Edward Raine was not exactly a rudiment, and upon him their interest had alighted.

"Anyone seen Ed lately? Last I heard, he was in California."

"No," Castlereagh said. "I got a card from him several months ago but that's all. Never saw a crazier fella . . . kept all of us laughing."

The men slipped down further into their seats and made themselves comfortable, for they felt one of Castlereagh's stories coming on. The room became dim as cigarette smoke slowly filled the room.

Castlereagh continued, "I remember once when Ed felt like having a little beer party. He decided to borrow five bucks

from Johnny, so he spent all he had on a bus ticket to get out to Johnny's farm. Johnny wasn't home. Ed always had been scared of Johnny's father, but John's father had taken a great liking to him, Ed was so smart and clever. Why, he sat around there waiting for John and talked to his father about the farm as if he had lived on a farm all his life, and all the time he was scared to death of him. Ed didn't have the nerve to ask him for the fiver. And John's father would have been glad to give it to him. After he had waited around for John long enough, he decided he ought to go. Because he couldn't make himself ask the old man for carfare, he walked all the way home, and that was no short distance. And Ed was the biggest moocher in town.

"Remember when he stopped the show, 'Hellzapoppin'? He had been out on a week's bender, and we thought he wasn't going to play that night; anyway he didn't show up on time.

"Just after the first intermission everyone began to howl with laughter. Many of them stood up and clapped. For there sat Ed in the orchestra pit wearing a week's beard and a pair of bright red pajamas. He must have slipped in through the pit door during the show. He had taken his place quietly and was going to town on his flute. Everyone in the audience thought he had been planted there as part of the show.

"When he discovered that he was the object of their applause, he stood up, making embarrassed gestures with his hands, glancing around him and bowing from side to side.

"Even the performers on the stage had stopped to see what was going on. Finally, with a little difficulty, the show got under way again. All evening though he made clever little movements with his

fingers over his flute and wiggled his flexible eyebrows at them, being rewarded each time with a new outburst.

"After the show he was offered a job with the troop. He refused indignantly, deeply insulted. How could anyone think that an artist such as he would stoop so low as to become a comedian.

"Ed was always doing something to make people wonder. Like the day he and Johnny parked the car up the street from here and drew out from the back seat a saxophone and a clarinet. Then, to the neighbors astonishment, they marched all the way down the street playing 'It Came Upon a Midnight Clear,' and it was in the middle of July. They marched right into the house, never missing a note, and came into my bedroom, where they found me fast asleep, sat on the edge of my bed and played me awake. There is nothing better than a saxophone to ruffle the hair of a savage beast and to enrage him when he is sleeping. I could have killed them there and then."

As Castlereagh stopped to puff on his cigarette, his wife continued for him.

"There were plenty of times when I could have used a club on Ed myself. One day he dropped in suddenly to see Cass who wasn't home at the time. He flopped on the sofa quite at home already. 'Can't stay a minute. Cass got any cigarettes around here? . . . Thanks!'

"I told him that Cass was playing a matinee and that he might have time to come home for supper before the evening performance and he might not.

"He said, 'Oh, I guess I can wait around. Mind if I stretch out here for awhile?'

"One might venture to refuse something to Ed if he didn't always carry out his intentions before one could open one's mouth. So he stretched out.

"It was a little difficult to do my housework around his slumbering body and to have supper without waking him, but I dare say it wasn't because I tried. When I was ready to go to bed he was still snoozing. I shut my door and went to bed. When Cass came home at twelve o'clock, tired and weary from a long day, Ed was awake and refreshed from his long sleep and ready to spend the remainder of the morning visiting with Cass. Sometimes I wish Cass wouldn't be so hospitable. I turned and tossed, not able to sleep; the muffled voices succeeded in keeping me awake. And the rattling of dishes in the kitchen after a low voice had said, 'My stomach's kinda empty, Cass, how about yours?'"

"The next day I received two dozen roses and a corsage from Ed to pacify me. I would still like to know what he must have had to pawn to buy such beautiful flowers. I suppose a couple of music stands and a flute did the job."

Mrs. Castlereagh was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Excuse me a minute."

Upon opening the door, she saw standing upon the welcome mat a tall skinny man, gaunt as death. His long face was dark and unshaven. His thin clothing showed much wear and tear and at the end of a frayed sleeve, in a tightly clutched hand, was a flute case.

"Hi ya, Jeanie!" And he grasped her hand warmly.

"Why, it isn't, . . . Yes . . . It's Ed! Come on in out of the cold. Guess who everybody?"

Ed walked in trying to appear light and gay. His old friends looked at him, amazed at his appearing at this time. They pretended not to notice his deathly pallor and his apparent destitution. How gray and old he looked. Yet a spark of delight gleamed in his eyes upon seeing his friends.

"Speak of the devil," someone said.

Cass sat Ed down beside him. "Tell us about everything. We haven't seen you for so long. Here, have a cigarette."

"Thanks, Cass. Well to tell you the truth, I came all the way just to see you fellas again. But don't get me wrong. Everything was swell out there in California. Had a wonderful job. But I got homesick. Just think, six long years away from home . . . Hey, Jeanie, how about giving me a little piano!"; he said, avoiding the questions he saw coming his way.

With Ed standing above her and the others gathered around, Mrs. Castlereagh ran through Ravel's "Pavanne," a piece she knew Ed would like. Unnoticed by her Ed began to sway back and forth, dizzily. Then suddenly he fell in a heap at the side of the piano. Every one jumped up and ran to him. He was lifted upon the sofa.

The Doctor was called and came quickly. After he had examined Ed, he announced to the anxious friends, "He's suffering from an extreme case of malnutrition. As a matter of fact, I think it was a miracle that he got here at all in his condition. He must have a powerful will."

Castlereagh smiled at the Doctor, "He is an artist."